A
Pleaſant conceited Comedie of Sir IOHN FALSTAFFE, *and the merry wiues of VVindſor.*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Sir Hugh, Maſter Page, and Slender.

Shal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a ſtar-chamber matter of it.
The Councell ſhall know it.
Page. Nay good M. *Shallow* be perſwaded by me.
Slen. Nay ſurely my Vnckle ſhall not put it vp ſo.
Sir Hugh. Will you not heare reaſons, M. *Slender*? You ſhould heare reaſons.
Shal. Though he be a Knight, he ſhall not thinke to carry it ſo away.
Maſter *Page* I will not be wronged. For you Sir, I loue you, and for my couſin,
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Pag. And heeres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him ſo well as I, wee'l quickly haue't a match:
In the meane time let me entreate you to ſoiourne
Heere a while: and on my life
Ile vndertake to make you friends.
Sir Hugh. I pray you M. *Shallow* let it be ſo.